

livered over to their wrath.¹ Or it may be that the garrison opened the gates without orders, in a fit of panic and bewilderment such as prevailed very generally among the friends of authority in these first days of the Rising. The dark passages and inmost chambers of that ancient fortress were choked with the throng of ruffians, while the soldiers stood back along the walls to let them pass, and looked on helplessly at the outrages that followed. Murderers broke into strong room and bower; even the King's bed was torn up, lest some one should be lurking in it. The unfortunate Leg, the farmer of the poll-tax, paid with his life-blood for that unprofitable speculation. A learned friar, the friend and adviser of John of G-aunt, was torn to pieces as a substitute for his patron. Though the hunt roared through every chamber, it was in the chapel that the noblest hart lay harboured. Archbishop Sudbury had been engaged, since the King started for Mile End, in preparing the Treasurer and himself for death. He had confessed Hales, and both had taken the Sacrament. He was still performing the service of the Mass, when the mob burst into the chapel, seized him at the altar, and hurried him across the moat to Tower Hill, where a vast multitude of those who had been unable to press into the fortress greeted his appearance with a savage yell. His head was struck off on the spot where so many famous men have since perished with more seemly circumstance. The Treasurer Hales suffered with him, and their two heads, mounted over London Bridge, grinned down on the bands of peasants who were still flocking into the capital from far distant parts.²

The Archbisnop's death was greeted with shouts of acclamation by a vast concourse of people. Such a scene demonstrates the hopeless failure of the governing classes in Church and State to keep in touch with their subjects. When brought face to face, these were the real relations between them. The mob slew Sudbury, not so much because he was Archbishop, though that did not deter them, as because he was the Chancellor who had misgoverned the country and introduced the poll-tax.³ The one exercise of his episcopal

¹ Wals., i. 458, lines 34-43; *H. J5.*, 517, line 32.

* Froiss., ii. 470; Higden, ix. 3; *H. B.*, 517; Wals., i. 458-62.
Anc. flo. 35, skin 17. *IncL*,
 * Froiss., ii. 46f.